SONGS

IN THE

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, CHORUSSES, &c.

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IN THE

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

K

AN OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

By James Cobb.

NOW PERFORMING AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE

LONDON:

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1791.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Seraſkier,	*Mr. Kelly.*
Colonel Cohenberg,	*Mr. Palmer.*
Krohnfeldt, - -	*Mr. R. Palmer.*
Iſmael -	*Mr. Fox.*
Yuſeph, -	*Mr. Suett.*
Leopold, -	*Mr. Banniſter, jun.*
Peter, -	*Mr. Dignum.*
Anſelm, -	*Mr. Cook.*
(Being his firſt Appearance on any Stage.)	
Michael, - -	*Mr. Hollingſworth.*
Soldier, -	*Mr. Dubois.*
Catherine,	*Mrs. Crouch.*
Fatima, -	*Miſs Hagley.*
Lilla, - -	*Signora Storace.*
Ghita, -	*Mrs. Bland.*

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE. An out Poſt of the Turkiſh Army lodged near Gipoys, a Village in the Province of Servia.—At a diſtance the Town and Citadel of Belgrade, ſituated at the Conflux of the Danube and Save.—On the farther Bank of the River Save lies the Auſtrian Camp, near Semlin; and beyond the Danube, the Scene ſtretches into the low Country of the Bannat.

CHORUS. *Of Turkiſh Soldiers.*

WAVE our Prophet's fam'd ſtandard of glory on high,
Till the envious moon die away in the ſky;
And, like the pale Chriſtians, leave Danube's fair ſtream,
To reflect our victorious creſcent's bright beam.

AIR. *Lilla.*

LOST, diſtreſt, thus driven from home,
Whither ſhall poor Lilla go!
Whereſoe'er my ſteps may roam,
Tyrant Power will prove my foe.

A ſhort ſpeech wanting to give the air effect.

TRIO.

Seraſkier. Speak; I command thee—tell thy grief.
Say, can my power afford relief;
For my trembling heart muſt yield belief.
[*Aſide.*

Lilla. Ah! may I dare to tell my grief,
And, humbly thus, implore relief;
To my fault'ring tongue—Oh! yield belief.

Iſmael. Beauty may boldly tell her grief,
Such fine eyes command relief;
And his trembling heart muſt yield relief.

AIR. *Seraſkier.*

THE roſe and the lilly their beauties combining,
Delight in adorning a form ſo divine;
Such charms to a peaſant conſigning,
Ah!—muſt I reſign!

Forbid it ye powers! to Love 'tis a treaſon;
Yet Ambition aſſuming the ſemblance of Reaſon,
Commands me with ſcorn the mean thought to decline.

Wealth

Wealth and Power, what are you worth,
To Pleaſure, if you give not birth!
Rich in Ambition's gilded toys,
I barter them for real joys!

SCENE. The Cottage of a Servian Peaſant.

DUET. *Ghita and Peter.*

Ghita. HOW the deuce I came to like you,
I am ſure I cannot tell;
Had my face not chanc'd to ſtrike you,
I'd been pleas'd, Sir, juſt as well.

Peter. Faith, as you ſay, I too wonder,
Why to like you I'm inclin'd;
Tho' in love we're apt to blunder,
Love, you know, they ſay is blind.

Ghita. You're ogling all the laſſes.
Peter. You're ſimp'ring at each lad.
Ghita. Each hour in falſehood paſſes.
Peter. You flirt it quite as bad.
Both. You had better not provoke me,
Tho' you think as you've beſpoke me,
I ſhall let you break my heart,
But I'm ready now to part.
Peter. Then, ſuppoſe I take my leave?

Ghita. Do—I'm ſure I ſhall not grieve,
Will you ſtay—or will you go?
Peter. Shall I ſtay—or ſhall I go?
Both. As you pleaſe—ſay yes, or no.

AIR. *Ghita.*

ALL will hail the joyous day,
When Love his triumph ſhall diſplay;
The dance ſhall mingle old and young,
The ruſtic pipe aſſiſt the ſong;
The ſprightly bells, with welcome ſound,
Shall ſpread the happy news around,
And give a hint to maidens coy,
That youth they ſhould not miſemploy.

II.

Yuſeph will, with ſullen pride,
Envy joys to wealth denied;
And as we trip with merry glee,
Wiſh himſelf as poor as we.
The ſprightly bells, &c.

SCENE. The outſide of a Servian Cottage.

TRIO *and* CHORUS.

Yuſeph and Peter.

Yuſeph. SEIZE him! ſeize him, I ſay!
Peter. Seize him! ſeize him—why pray?

Leopold. Let me come at him, pray.
Chorus. Haſte, let us bear him away.
Yuſeph. Don't fear, I'll protect you.
Leopold. You're a rogue—I ſuſpect you.
Yuſeph. Knock him down, I command it.
Chorus. Knock him down, he commands it.
Peter. How can juſtice demand it?
Hear me.
Chorus. ——————Hear me!
Leopold. ——————No, hear me!
Yuſeph. We are none of us ſafe
Chorus. While that fellow is free.

SCENE. Anſelm's Houſe.

AIR.

Anſelm.

THE ſapling oak loſt in the dell
Where tangled brakes its beauties ſpoil,
And every infant ſhoot repel,
Droops hopeleſs o'er the exhauſted ſoil.
At length the woodman clears around
Where e'er the noxious thickets ſpread;
And high from the reviving ground,
The foreſt's monarch lifts his head.

SCENE.

SCENE. The Tent of the Seraſkier.

AIR.

Lilla.

BLITHE as the hours of May,
Were thoſe I now deplore,
When firſt I own'd Love's gentle ſway;
They will return no more!
Every fond hope is loſt!
No comfort can they bring;
Winter's untimely chilling froſt,
Deſtroy'd the infant ſpring.

Blythe as the hours, &c.

TRIO.

Seraſkier.

WHEN juſtice claims the victim due,
Her dictates I obey.

Lilla and Ghita.

Yet ſhould diſtreſs for pity ſue,
You'll own the gentle ſway.

Seraſkier.

Law muſt prevail.

Lilla.

Lilla.

And ſo it may,
Except when love is in the way.

Seraſkier.

Your arts forbear,
No more I'll hear.

Lilla and Ghita.

When juſtice {ſhe / I} attended.
Let {her / me} not find a foe.
In what {has ſhe / have I} offended.
Alas! I do not know.

Seraſkier.

In what you have offended,
Diſſembler well you know.

Lilla and Ghita.

On what will he reſolve!

Lilla, Ghita, and Seraſkier.

My troubled boſom vexing,
In varied form perplexing,
A thouſand doubts revolve.

Lilla.

Lilla and Ghita.

Compaſſion thus intreating,
In vain ſhall we implore?

Seraſkier.

In vain ſhall they implore.

Lilla and Ghita.

May pity ſorrow greeting,
Our happineſs reſtore.

Lilla, Ghita, and Seraskier.

In what have I offended, &c.

FINALE.

Lilla. SO kindly condeſcending,
To our complaints attending,
Your highneſs us befriending,
No more ſhall wrongs aſſail.

Chorus. So kindly, &c.

Leopold. Your highneſs pleaſe to hear me.

Lilla. Be ſilent, I beſeech.

Leopold. Zounds—I'll be cool, don't fear me.

Peter. Oh, let us hear his ſpeech.

[*Ghita to Seraſkier.*] We're bound to you for ever.

Seraſkier.

Seraſkier. No ſilly compliments, I pray.
Lilla. To thank you I'd endeavour.
Seraſkier. [*To Lilla.*] You ſoon methinks might learn the way.
Chorus. So kindly, &c.
Seraſkier. Seemingly condeſcending,
To their complaints attending,
Tho' love my boſom's rending,
Yet ſhall my ſcheme prevail.

CHORUS.

May Fate our prayers befriending,
No diſappointment ſending,
Let love and truth prevail.
Securely bliſs enjoying,
All fears of power annoying,
Your clemency deſtroying,
Now juſtice ſhall prevail.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE. The Ruins of a Convent.

Catherine.

AIR.

MY plaint in no one pity moves
Save Echo, who in plaints replies;
Like me, depriv'd of him she loves,
With sympathy she counts my sighs.

Pleas'd with the strain the hapless maid
Repeats the unavailing moan;
And while she lends her soothing aid,
Laments my sorrows and her own.

DUET.

Seraskier and Catherine.

OF plighted faith so truly kept,
Of all Love dictates tell;
Of restless thought that never slept,
Since when she bade farewell.

The

The riſing ſigh, the frequent tear,
The flush of hope, the chilling fear:
So may the ſympathetic ſoul,
Direct kind Fancy's wing
Where future hours in tranſport roll,
And love's rewards ſhall bring.

AIR. *Seraskier.*

CONFUSION! thus defeated!
With bitter ſcorn thus treated!
Whatever thought purſuing,
Where e'er I turn my eyes,
Surrounding miſts of ruin
In darkening circles riſe:
In froſt, on fire, by turns,
My boſom freezes—burns—
'Tis fixt—my rival finds a grave.
Yet honour bids me ſave
From death the captive brave.
Confuſion! thus defeated!
With bitter ſcorn thus treated!
Whatever thought purſuing,
Where e'er I turn my eyes,
Surrounding miſts of ruin
In darkening circles riſe.

SCENE. A Village.

DUET.

Lilla and Ghita.

HASTE gentle Zephyr o'er the glade,
If there my love diſcerning,
Kindly with flutt'ring pinions aid
His weary ſteps returning.
So may thy wings (their wanton play
No ſcorching ſun oppreſſing)
Still gladly fan the ſultry day,
And prove the ſummer's bleſſing.

AIR. *Ghita.*

LOVE they call a gentle paſſion,
Boaſt its power to calm the breaſt;
I prefer the jealous faſhion;
Sweets when daſh'd with ſour are beſt.
While the ever-cooing doves
In fond nonſenſe tell their loves;
Scarce exiſting, nought deſiring;
Cloy'd with bliſs, as well they may,
They with languor half expiring
Doze their ſtupid lives away.

Lilla.

LET me in true pleaſure's mirrour
Tranquil view Love's placid form;
Free from every jealous terror,
Give me the calm—take you the ſtorm.

SESTETT.

Lilla and Ghita. Night thus from me concealing
The form of him I love;
Oh let his voice revealing,
His truth my fears remove.

Seraskier and Iſmael. Night thus from me concealing
The form of her I love;
Oh let her voice revealing,
Her truth my fears remove.

Lilla and Ghita. Oh heavens! the Seraſkier!
Seraskier. A lover's accents hear.
With ſympathetic paſſion
Fond Expectation cheer.

Lilla and Guita. Ah! ſhou'd my huſband hear us,
What cou'd poor {*Ghita* / *Lilla*} do.

Leopold and Peter. Hark! I'm ſure there's ſome one near us.

Peter.

Peter. Ghita.

Leopold. Lilla.

Lilla and Ghita. Our husbands near us,
My love, I'm here.

Leopold and Peter. You're here! then who is this
so near?

Lilla and Ghita. Honest peasants homeward going
From their labour, I suppose.

Leopold and Peter. How I pray, are you so
knowing,
Whether they are friends or foes?
Jealous fears perplexing
Like whelming billows roll,
And wreck my tortur'd soul.

To Lilla and Ghita. Be gone! 'tis thy falsehood
Distracts my tortur'd soul.

Lilla and Ghita. Ah! can my dear suspect me!
My truth he cannot fear.

ALL.

Suspence in clouds shuts in the day.
Hope, cheering star, afford thy ray
Of silver light, and to our eyes
Oh! bid thy bright creation rise.

SCENE.

SCENE. The Cottage.

AIR. *Peter.*

HOW few know how to value life
And taſte it's real joys,
Unmix'd with jealouſy and ſtrife,
With anger, pride, and noiſe.
Let riches, power, and pomp ſurpaſs,
And ſcorn me if they pleaſe;
Let me love, laugh, and take my glaſs,
And lead a life of eaſe.

Limpid and pure life's current ſeems,
Till Paſſion's wild miſtake;
In madneſs, troubles all the ſtreams
Of which he muſt partake.
Let riches, power, and pomp ſurpaſs,
And ſcorn me if they pleaſe;
Let me love, laugh, and take my glaſs,
And lead a life of eaſe.

AIR. *Lilla.*

WHAT can mean that thoughtful frown?
Why thoſe eyes to earth caſt down?
Tell me what amiſs they ſee:
Let them kindly look on me.
La ra lal la!

What

What then would my deareſt have?
Come indeed I will be grave,
And with melancholy face
Calmly hear the piteous caſe.
La ra lal la!

Serenade—Seraskier.

TO mighty love the trembling ſtrings as preſſing
Sacred to him they praiſe their ſweet employ;
Ah! the fond heart whoſe paſſion they're expreſſing
Vibrates like them to love, but not to joy.

SCENE. A Turkiſh Fort.

CHORUS.

NOW victory has, like a miſtreſs kind,
Put an end to all our quarrels;
In the brimming cup our joys we'll find,
From the vine we'll pluck our laurels.
Let us drink as we fight; with loud huzzas,
We'll charge and ſcorn all ſhrinking.
Till our wine like the foe retreats apace,
And we ſhew our valour in drinking.

ACT III.

SCENE. The Seraſkier's Seraglio Tent.

CHORUS *of Women.*

ON the warlike plains deſcending,
Night in pity caſts her veil;
Hoſtile ſtrife a while ſuſpending,
Short liv'd peace and reſt prevail.

AIR. *Catherine.*

No more I heave the heart-felt ſigh;
No more I drop the briny tear.
Hope's promis'd hour of bliſs is near.
Yet dangers ſurrounding,
My reaſon confounding.
Ah! whither ſhall I fly!

SONG. *Leopold.*

How provoking your doubts! do you think I'm
a fool?
In the heat of the battle you know I was cool;

While ourſelves and our neighbours
With guns, piſtols, ſabres,
Were cutting and ſlaſhing,
Mahomedans haſhing.
But need I care for that—ſince time's on the wing
You ſee I am merry—you hear how I ſing;
Tol de rol, &c.
You ſee I am merry—you hear how I ſing.

II.

That jade, Madam Lilla—that gipſey, afar,
Is jigging away to the Turkiſh guittar;
While great ſmooth-chin'd fribbles,
With vile ſqueaking trebles,
Chaunt her praiſes, to cheer
That curſt Seraſkier!
'Till the handkerchief's thrown—but then what's that to me,
It can't make me uneaſy—I'm happy, you ſee.
Tol de rol, &c.
It can't make me uneaſy—I'm happy, you ſee.

SCENE. Yuſeph's Houſe.

AIR. *Lilla.*

Domeſtic peace, my ſoul's deſire,
The deareſt bliſs Fate could beſtow,
At length to thee I may aſpire;
Misfortune's ſtorms no longer blow:

Eſcap'd

Eſcap'd their ire, now ſafe on ſhore
I liſten to the tempeſt's roar;
And while the billows idly foam,
They but endear my long loſt home.

SCENE. The outſide of Yuſeph's Houſe.

AIR. *Yuſeph.*

Some time ago I married a wife,
And ſhe, poor ſoul, was the plague of my life;
I thought, when I loſt her, my troubles were done,
But i'faith I find they're juſt begun.
Tho' ſhe's gone,
Still 'tis all one.
My troubles, alas! are juſt begun.

II.

A magiſtrate I next became;
To be impartial was my aim.
No diſtinction I made between great and ſmall;
Plaintiffs, defendants—I fleec'd them all.
Great and ſmall, fleec'd 'em all.
Turks and Chriſtians, I cheated 'em all.

III.

In praiſe of honeſty, I've heard
As policy 'tis much preferr'd,
Then if 'tis beſt in life's repaſt,
The daintieſt diſh, I'll taſte the laſt.
Honeſt at laſt,
Tir'd of the paſt,
Perhaps as a change I may try it at laſt.

SCENE. Yuſeph's Houſe.

DUETT.

Lilla. Tho' you think by this to vex me,
Love no more can give me pain.
Leopold. Vainly ſtrive not to perplex me,
You ſhall dupe me ne'er again.
Lilla. Now your falſehood is requited,
I'll enjoy a ſingle life.
Leopold. Hark! to glory I'm invited,
By the cheerful drum and fife.
Lilla. By conſent then now we ſever.
Leopold. Love's all nonſenſe—freedom's ſweet;
Lilla. And we take our leave for ever,
Leopold. Never more again to meet.
Lilla. Never more.
Leopold. Never more.

Lilla. I don't want, Sir, to allure you.
I don't wiſh your ſtay, not I.
Leopold. I'm quite happy, I aſſure you.
Gladly I pronounce good bye!
Lilla. You have chang'd your mind, believe me.
Leopold. No—I told you ſo before.
Lilla. Can you have the heart to leave?
Leopold. Yes; I'll never ſee you more.
Lilla. Never more?
Leopold. ———Never more.
Both. Never more my love ſhall leave me;
Never part---no, never more,

SCENE. A Wood.

AIR. *Seraskier.*

Love and honour now conſpire
To rouſe my ſoul with martial fire.
Holy prophet, hear my prayer,
Give me once more the charming fair.
The Auſtrian trumpet's bold alarms
Breathe defiance to our arms.
Fir'd with ardour to engage,
Give me to dare the battle's rage,
When groans that ſhall be heard no more,
Echo! to the canons roar,
Death ſtalks triumphant o'er the field;
On every ſide the Chriſtians yield.

Still conqueſt doubly bleſſes
The lover-ſoldier's arms;
In proſpect he poſſeſſes
Complying beauties' charms.

SCENE. A Mahomedan Burying-ground.

DUET *and* CHORUS.

Lilla.

Hollow and dreary,
The ſullen winds complain.
Trembling and weary,
My love I ſeek in vain.

CHORUS. *Of Auſtrian Soldiers in the Tomb.*

Our valour an artifice aiding;
Like the lion his hunters evading,
From his den as he hears them incautiouſly ſtray,
So we wait for the moment to ruſh on our prey.

Catharine in the Tomb.

Ah! fatal error!
Again I am betray'd!
Night's gloomy terror
Involves me in its ſhade.

CHORUS.

CHORUS. *In the Tomb.*

Now for the battle! while preparing,
We liſten not to ſounds enſnaring.

Catharine.

For honour's ſake,
Compaſſion take.

Lilla.

Hark! from the tomb the voice of Sorrow calls,
Prepar'd to meet whatever ill befalls,
Here I'll abide; I can no peril prove;
No miſery ſo great, as loſing him I love.

CHORUS. *In the Tomb.*

Our valour an artifice aiding,
Like the lion his hunters evading;
From his den as he hears them incautiouſly ſtray,
So we wait for the moment to ruſh on our prey.

SCENE. The Storming of Belgrade.—The View of the Town, Fortifications, and Citadel, taken upon the Spot.

FINALE.

CHORUS. *Of Auſtrians.*

Loud let the ſong of Triumph riſe,
Bleſt Triumph, o'er Oppreſſion's ſway;
Valour has gain'd the brighteſt prize,
For Freedom's voice ſhall join the lay.

Catharine.

Catharine.

Fortune relenting from her ſtores,
Her richeſt treaſures laviſh pours;
The bliſs for which ſo long we ſtrove,
The joys of victory and love.

Seraskier.

Vanquiſh'd I boaſt my victor brave,
Light were the chains which Valour gave;
More potent fetters now I find,
Kindneſs ſubdues his captive's mind.

CHORUS.

Loud let the ſong of Triumph riſe,
Bleſt Triumph o'er Oppreſſion's ſway;
Valour has gain'd the brighteſt prize,
For Freedom's voice ſhall join the lay.

DUET. *Lilla and Ghita.*

Now while Muſic her ſtrains moſt inviting,
Shall in ſweet Gratitude's cauſe diſplay;
Tho' untutor'd in ſkill ſo delighting,
Our heart-felt thanks let us humbly pay;
Strains ſo artleſs tho' we proffer,
Hearts o'erflowing zeſt the offer.
Now while Muſic, &c.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Now while Muſic, &c.

Leopold.

All ill humour thus vented in fighting,
We are, as uſual, good humour'd and gay.

Lilla.

Happy Liberty's bleſſings regaining,
They inſpiring our ſimple lays.

Ghita.

Freedom's glorious cauſe ſuſtaining,
The theme our humble ſong will raiſe.

Lilla.

Strains ſo artleſs.

Ghita.

Tho' we proffer.

Lilla.

Hearts o'erflowing,

Ghita.

Zeſt the offer.

CHORUS.

Freedom's glorious cauſe ſuſtaining,
The theme our humble ſong will raiſe.

DUET. *Lilla and Ghita.*

Now while Muſic, &c.

Catharine.

From companions in danger, this greeting
Of friendſhip how can we requite;

TRIO.

A reception ſo gracious when meeting,
Our duty becomes our delight.

DUET. *Lilla and Ghita.*

Bright the laurel of victory gracing
The manly brow merit marks it to wear.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Doubly dear is that laurel while placing
By the lov'd hand of the favorite Fair.
Toils forgetting, pleaſure courting,
Beauty beaming, ſmiles tranſporting.
Bright the laurel of victory gracing
The manly, &c.

FINIS.

CHORUS.

Doubly dear is that laurel wreath placing
By the lov'd hand of the favorite Fair,
Toils forgetting, pleasure courting,
Beauty beaming, smiles transporting,
Reign the theme of victory greeting
The manly, &c.